

put up at the Grand, and tried to sell some plays I had written. I used to write plays when I was at Cambridge. I could think of nothing else."

Still her eyes questioned.

"Now the hundred pounds is gone, and no play accepted. This morning I called at the Savage Club for letters—and found my latest rejection. There! the lock is right now, so good night."

She held out her hand to him. "Good night, and thank you," she said, and added, "Bring the play tomorrow."

Mr. Tom Westgate was at breakfast in dressing-gown and slippers in his chambers at Ford's Inn when his cousin Sophie Deland was announced.

"Well, Sophie, how goes the experiment? Hope you fumigated yourself before coming."

"Don't talk rubbish, Tom! I have got a 'find!'"

"A genius among the waifs?" he inquired banteringly.

"No, but a genius all the same; quite a young fellow—a Cambridge man. He lost all his money at a stroke, except a hundred pounds, which he proceeded to dissipate at the Grand."

"Oh! dissipated, is he? True hallmark of genius."

"Nothing of the sort, Tom. He was brought up rich, and I suppose it never occurred to him that he shouldn't go to an expensive hotel. Now he has drifted into Pratt's Square; his room is next to mine. He gave me his play to type."

"Then I suppose you want me to look at it? Frankly, the plays of young university men don't appeal to me; they are generally in verse—they won't act."

"This play would—"

Tom Westgate smiled indulgently. "Well, tell him to send it along; I'll look at it, for the sake of my pretty, eccentric little cousin. What is the man's name?"

"Marcus Gilroy."

"By jove! I saw a play of his when I was up at Cambridge. It had good stuff in it, too. Gilroy is a brilliant young fellow; had to leave without a degree; they said up there he would have been senior classic. Poor devil! Yes; tell him to send on the play. What

a brute I am! Do have some coffee. No? Well, don't carry your experiment to starvation point."

"I shan't do that, Tom, but my experiences in that awful place have taught me what I wanted to know. I shall give up my fortune and live on a hundred a year Uncle Bonner left me. The rest shall make some of our poor, wretched lives a bit easier."

"A second Saint Sophia," said Westgate. "Well, your money is your own, and I suppose you can please yourself with it."

"Do you know, Marcus Gilroy was in a pawnshop a few nights ago. I was there, as part of my experiment; yet, thinking me poor, he gave me the play to type and would pay in advance. think of that!"

Marcus Gilroy was in his room, eyeing a shilling razor with much disfavor. He had parted with his case of seven, and replaced it by this one. On his table his tea was ready, a French roll and some coffee; butter he had dispensed with as unnecessary. He was meditating whether he should call on the typewriter girl with the excuse of seeing if his play were ready—but really out of an overpowering desire to be in her sweet presence—when there came a knock at his door. He rose and glanced despairingly round his untidy apartment and opened the door. It was the typewriter girl.

"I have brought your play, Mr. Gilroy; and may I come in a moment—I have something I want to say to you."

Marcus placed a chair for her and closed the door. How homelike the miserable room had become in a moment! The lamp-light made a glory of the frizzy red hair that surrounded the pale, Madonna-like face.

"I hope you won't think it a liberty," began Sophie, with pretty hesitation, "but I know Tom Westgate—the famous actor, you know. I type for him, and I think your play would suit him. Here is his address."

Gilroy's face lit up—not so much from the fact that there was a suggestion of a possible opening for his play, as because this girl had taken a kindly interest in him.

THE LATE CONSPIRACY

"It is very good of you, Miss—"

"Deland," she put in, seeing him hesitating over the name.

"Miss Deland," he went on. "It is a new sensation to be so kindly considered."

"But don't you know your play is just the thing in this crisis? You deal with the war now raging with the Boers. In my opinion it will take London by storm."

Gilroy, if by no means so sure that the play would do anything of the sort, was at least sure, as he gazed at the enthusiastic young face before him, that its owner had taken his heart by storm.

The second act of "Captain Carew of the 49th," was just over, and Marcus Gilroy went to the bar for a drink. He was faint with an unreasonable joy. Some critics were imbibing near him and commenting on his play.

"Best thing for years," said one. "Such dialogue—such situations—such realism! Marcus Gilroy has struck oil."

"How he has managed to employ successful melodrama without sacrificing the true—"

Gilroy fled and paced the cool corridor to calm himself. "She told me she would be here tonight," he said to himself. Then he made his way to Tom Westgate's dressing-room.

"It's all right, old man—the play will do!" cried Westgate, clapping him on the shoulders. "Come along, I want to introduce you to my cousin—there is just time."

Mechanically, as in a dream, Gilroy followed him. Presently he found himself in a box, and before him was the typewriter girl.

She stretched out her hand. Her clear, gray eyes had a glad look in them. In his own were tears.

THE LATE CONSPIRACY

By ELEANOR M. INGRAM

I LOOKED at Delorme impatiently. "Have you informed the baron that I am about to go out?" I demanded.

"Yes, highness."

"And he still persists in seeing me?"

"Yes, highness," said Delorme deprecatingly.

"Then, admit him," I ordered, turning to my desk with a sigh of resignation. Evidently I was not to have my hour with Renée that morning, the hour most dear to me of the twenty-four.

"Monsieur le Baron Visot," announced Delorme, lifting the curtain.

I suppressed a smile as the bald, insignificant figure advanced; his title was very recent, so recent as to visibly embarrass him.

"Be seated, baron," I said. "You wished to see me?"

"I thank your highness, I have, indeed, an important communication," he answered nervously. "If I might speak to your highness alone—"

I looked at him in surprise; then reflecting that he must have some per-

sonal request to make of me, I said to my secretary: "You may go, Roget."

There was a moment's silence as we watched him gather up his papers and retire. Even after the door had closed upon him the baron remained mute, his eyes fixed on the ground.

"I am waiting, monsieur," I suggested at last.

"A thousand pardons, your highness," he answered slowly. "I have a difficult message to deliver, and I was considering how best to explain myself, I might say, introduce myself."

He raised his eyes as he spoke and met my gaze fully. Involuntarily I started, so different was the man who looked out at me from the colorless and timid character I thought myself familiar with. A crafty, acute intelligence transformed his whole expression, almost his voice.

"Continue, baron," I said. "Your highness will observe that it is not as baron I speak, but as President Visot," he returned coolly.

"President?" I inquired.

"President of the Council of Freedom, your highness," he replied, drawing himself up in his chair and saluting me with ironical courtesy. The ivy paper-knife I held snapped between my fingers.

"You!" I exclaimed, incredulously.

"I, your highness," he quietly replied. I rose and walked to the window.

So my turn had come. No one could live in Pyrenia and not know the power of that secret society which was always mining beneath our feet, but I had believed myself exempt from its displeasure. Evidently I had been wrong. That its president should be this man who lived in our very midst was only another proof of its cunning and skill.

I drew a long breath of the sweet, warm air that blew against my face, and went back to him.

"What have you to say to me?" I asked with a calmness I scarcely felt.

He smiled, betraying a touch of satisfaction.

"Your highness excites my admiration. I feared you would make the usual scene and threaten to call assistance or have me arrested."

"It would be useless," I said.

"Quite so, your highness," he assented. "But I usually have to waste some time in making that fact clear. Now I may proceed at once to explain that I have come to render a service. Your highness does not care to die at present."

"That depends, monsieur," I answered drily.

"I comprehend your highness; but one will do much to live, especially when one is affianced to so charming a lady as *mademoiselle*. Permit me to state my proposition."

"Be brief, then," I answered, my disgust for him increasing as I listened.

He regarded me thoughtfully. "Very brief, your highness. It is simply this:

"You are, of course, aware that the aim of our society is to form a republic of Pyrenia; perhaps you are not 're the greatest obstacle before yourself. You are surprised?" as a movement. "Yet it is quite

There can be no revolution

without discontent, your highness, and while the people have the certainty of your becoming king they are perfectly satisfied. Under the present government there would be a revolt within the year; its selfishness and injustice are too much even for Pyrenia. If the king were likely to live our task would be easy; as it is the people refuse to listen to us. 'We will wait for Gerald,' is their answer. You are the best loved man in Pyrenia, your highness, and the only one who can hold the kingdom together."

"Therefore, you will kill me as you did my cousin," I said.

"We call the grand duke's death an execution, your highness."

"If his death was an execution what name do you give mine?" I demanded.

"That certainly more nearly approaches an assassination," he admitted. "Let us call it a necessity—which we hope to avoid. I have come to make an offer to your highness."

"I am listening, monsieur."

"I will then point out that we must commence by realizing that your highness will never be king of Pyrenia. This understood, I offer you the next honor she can give. Will you be our first president? We intend to accomplish our revolution at once; you may either lead us and be first in the new government as in the old, or we must remove you. You are too dangerous an enemy, your highness."

I stared at his eager, thin face for a moment in anger too great for speech. That he should ask me to join his infamous society and lend my name to raise a rebellion against the king—I, his cousin and heir.

"Do you expect me to answer this seriously?" I asked.

"You know the alternative," he replied.

"You are probably unable to understand that you have insulted me," I said coldly. "You have no right to assume I am a coward, monsieur."

"On the contrary, I am one of your highness' most sincere admirers. It is for that reason I hear with pain your refusal. If I leave now you are under sentence of death; let me beg your highness to consider this again."

I rang the bell for Deforme. "I will detain you no longer, baron," I said, turning to the letters awaiting me on the desk.

He rose at once. "One moment, your highness," he said, with more respect in his voice than he had yet shown. "If this interview is repeated to anyone we shall be forced to silence him."

"I shall not repeat it, monsieur."

"Your highness is a brave enemy; as far as possible we would take pleasure in meeting any wish in this matter."

I raised my eyes. "I would request that you injure no one but myself," I demanded. "Wait till I am alone. You will have opportunities, monsieur."

"I take your highness' word," he said, and as Deforme appeared he bowed himself out of the room, again the embarrassed baron.

Half an hour later I rang for my secretary. I had need to work, both because my time might be short and to shake off the recollection of poor Arnaut when they brought him home. All the afternoon passed at the desk before I felt able to face my betrothed without betraying myself. She could read my thoughts so well as to make the task difficult, yet it was absolutely necessary to spare her the horror of anticipation. It would be enough when it came.

That was the night of the monthly reception at the palace and, as the king expected me to relieve him of the most arduous duties, I was obliged to go early. I carefully avoided speaking to Renée alone until nearly midnight, when the king called me to him.

"You have earned a rest, my cousin," he said affectionately. "Go chat with *mademoiselle*."

I bowed and obeyed in silence. Whatever he may have been to others he was uniformly kind to me, and I was glad to think that the few remaining months of his life would be allowed to pass in peace.

The laughing groups drew back from Renée as I approached and she rose to meet me with her own dear smile.

"Your royal highness is pleased to be very busy this evening," she said demurely.

I kissed her hand to conceal my confusion.

"Come where it is cooler and forgive me," I suggested.

"No, I will come and listen to your excuses," she said, putting her hand on my arm. "I waited for you all this afternoon, monsieur."

"I received some unexpected news that detained me," I answered, "I am sorry, dear."

She looked up at me quickly. "I am not really cross, Gerald. Besides, you can take me riding tomorrow; please do not look so grave."

I waited until we passed into the long arched verandas before replying. "I am afraid we must give up our rides for the present, Renée. I have very much to be done in the next few weeks."

She made an exclamation of surprise. "Not even an hour for me," she asked wonderingly.

"It is harder for me than for you," I said gently.

She shook her head and we walked on in silence. My heart ached for her. Both orphans, we had grown up in the palace together until we had scarcely a thought apart, and quite naturally she had changed from sister to fiancée. What would she do alone, my poor darling? I looked down at the bent dark head.

"If you do not speak to me all these people we are passing will think we have quarreled. We just met D'Aurignac and you did not even see him."

Renée laughed. "How surprised they would be. Never mind, Gerald; in a month we will be together—" she paused, blushing.

"Forever," I finished, as I knew she expected, and lifted my eyes to find Baron Visot standing before us.

"Well, M. le baron?" I said sharply. He bowed with his usual affection of humility.

"I beg pardon for my interruption, but the king has asked for your highness," he said in his hesitating voice that masked so much.

"You will permit me to take you

back, *mademoiselle!*" I asked, turning to Renée.

"I shall have to," she sighed with a little shrug. "You are too popular for comfort, *monseigneur*. Tell me, M. le baron, am I not right in guessing that the king wishes to arrange for his highness to dedicate the Palais de Justice?"

"*Mademoiselle* is perfectly correct," said the baron softly.

"When does it take place?" I asked.

"Next week, your highness," he answered, removing his glasses and twirling the silken cord reflectively. We looked at each other for a moment, then Renée and I turned towards the ballroom.

Before leaving her I lingered an instant. "Will you ride at the usual hour tomorrow?" I asked.

She raised her eyes in quick pleasure. "You will come after all?" she exclaimed.

"I have found I am free for a few days."

"I am very glad," she said, contentedly leaning back in her chair.

As I crossed the room there was nothing before me very distinctly but a slender figure in floating white with great dark eyes that smiled at me. Only a week was left to her.

Twice I caught myself answering the king at random during the interview that followed. The third time he laid down the plans of the new building and regarded me in frank amazement. "Do you know what you have just said?" he demanded.

I colored under his gaze. "I must ask your indulgence, sire; I have had a tiresome day."

"Go home and rest then," he answered. You look tired, *mon ami*; there are dark circles under your eyes."

But there was no rest for me in that next week. In the first place I was not going to give my life without exacting a price for it. While alive not I, not even the king himself, could save the monarchy, but dead I might. The baron had given me the clue in admitting how deeply the people were attached to me.

I prepared a careful account of the circumstances so far, leaving no doubt

as to who were responsible for my death, and why it was desired, and arranged for it to be made public after the event that would complete the story.

I calculated that in the great wave of popular grief and anger the revolutionists would be swept from Pyrenia, including M. le baron. It gave me some pleasure to imagine his probable fate. To the king I wrote such a letter as I hoped would lead to the reform that could best prevent a second revolution; the things I had dreamed of carrying out myself.

One more task I had; I sent for the architect of the Palais de Justice and ruthlessly changed his designs of the platform erected for the address. He protested, almost in tears, but I had my own way.

Then, when I thought everything necessary foreseen, a new difficulty presented itself.

Renée announced that she was going to witness the ceremony at my side.

Tired out already with the ghastly work of arranging my own death, my strength and invention failed before this last problem.

I went to the king and begged him to keep my *façade* at the palace that day, saying my reasons would be explained afterwards. He was surprised, but unsuspecting, and readily agreed to send for her. My gratitude to him seemed to make the rest easier.

My poor Renée, she was so disappointed. When I called to see her for the last time she was too much vexed and annoyed to notice anything unusual in my manner. Only when I kissed her at leaving she started and put her hand on my head.

"Your forehead is burning, Gerold," she exclaimed anxiously.

I laughed and pointing to the clock, made my escape. On the other side of the door I drew a long breath. The first danger was now over. Below, they were already waiting, and as I appeared there was a shout of satisfaction.

My favorite side, D'Aurignac, gave me the reins with a radiant face. "Your highness will find barely room to pass," he said gaily.

"There is a crowd!" I asked, glancing ahead.

"All the city is along the route," he answered with a shrug. And I found he had not exaggerated. Our progress was almost stopped by the enthusiastic mass of shouting people. It took us two hours to make a journey of two miles. The noise, the extreme heat, and the knowledge of what awaited me made it two hours of torture. I dismounted at last with a sigh of relief. D'Aurignac leaned towards me as he took the lines.

"Your highness, Baron Visot wished me to ask for the answer he expected. The messenger he sent is waiting."

"Tell him there is no answer," I said curtly and turned to ascend the broad steps of the new building.

The last conflict met me at the head of the inner flight of stairs when my staff caught sight of the altered plafonds. There was a general exclamation of dismay.

"Your highness, that stand will not contain half of us," ejaculated Admiral Bernier, pulling his white moustache indignantly.

"It is not my intention for it to contain so many," I answered. "You will remain in here, the view is excellent."

He looked at me in stupefaction.

"Besides, it is cooler," I added, finding a grim humor in the situation. "Arrangements have been made," and I indicated by a gesture the waiting chairs.

"Will your highness signify by whom it is your pleasure to be attended," said the admiral recovering his voice.

"I will go alone," I announced with a glance at the brilliant circle.

There was a universal movement of consternation, then a storm of protests. It was contrary to etiquette, a reflection on them, undignified, impossible, until I raised my hand and enforced silence.

"Gentlemen," I said firmly, "I forbid anyone to follow me," and in the momentary hush I stepped through the long window and walked to the front of the platform.

Before me lay the great square with its diverging streets, a glittering mass of life and color. As I appeared the great

crowd broke forth in greeting. The building quivered with their cheers, the *vivas* mingling with the harsher shouts of the native Pyrenians and the repetitions of my name in an indescribable tumult. Immediately below were the regiments of the hussars, and across the flashing sea of swords raised in salute I looked at the roof of the building opposite.

A man was kneeling near the front holding a small, dark object in his hand, his eyes fixed on me. A great thankfulness that I faced him alone swept over me, a strange exultation. I had attained my purpose; not one of the shouting thousands below would ever forget the coming tragedy. Intentionally, a conspicuous figure in my white and silver uniform, I stood alone in the deafening clamor and waited.

Twice the man on the roof raised his hand, then let it fall again, gazing at me in apparent fascination. I set my teeth; if he would only hurry.

But someone else had seen his hesitation; from a trap-door in the rear the baron emerged and ran towards him gesturing furiously. The man raised the box once more, then turned away in evident refusal. In desperation the baron caught it from his hand and rushing to the edge flung it towards me. There was a terrific explosion, a blinding flash, and I felt myself falling into darkness.

When I opened my eyes, it was to find myself on a couch in the hall of the Palais de Justice. D'Aurignac was kneeling at my side sobbing like a girl, and a surgeon was deftly bandaging my left arm. I lay becoming gradually aware of a frantic uproar without.

"The noise," I asked vaguely, "what is it?"

The surgeon started. "Your highness is conscious?" he exclaimed.

"D'Aurignac, what is it?" I repeated, turning from him impatiently.

D'Aurignac lifted his head.

"The people are hunting for Baron Visot, your highness," he answered unsteadily.

"Have they found him?" I asked.

The admiral came forward, "He is down stairs, your highness, dying."

They do not know it," and he waved his hand towards the window.

"What injured him?"

"The bomb, he held it too long and it exploded in the air. Your highness was struck by a falling piece of the scaffolding."

Until the surgeon had finished his work, I lay silent, considering the new situation. Must I take up my life again expecting a repetition of today's attempt, constantly on guard, always afraid to have those I loved at my side lest they should share my fate? The idea was intolerable.

"There is nothing the matter with me but a broken arm?" I demanded.

The surgeon shook his head.

"Your highness was stunned."

"Very well, I will see Visot," I said rising.

"I beg your highness to be cautious. He shall be brought here," said General LeBlanc anxiously.

I put my hand on D'Aurignac's shoulder to steady myself.

"He is badly wounded; I will go to him," I answered. "You may show the way, admiral."

In the hall we met one of the doctors, to whom I stated my purpose. The baron was conscious, he said, and had asked for me. I went on with a lighter heart; at least he would probably tell me what to expect from his associates and not leave me in utter ignorance of the future.

Outside his door I left my companions and entered alone. He lay swathed in bandages between the nurse and an officer who waited for his life or death, but beneath the folds of linen his eyes shone hard and brilliant as the day he first came to my library.

"Your highness has come," he said as I paused, looking at him. "I thought you would, although they refused to take my message."

"You can easily imagine what I wish to know," I answered. He glanced at the attendants.

"Send them away, then."

I nodded my assent and they left the room, the soldier giving Visot such a look as gave me some conception of the feeling in the streets.

"If you had succeeded the people

would have killed you, baron," I remarked.

"If I had succeeded it would have been endurable," he retorted. "But to die, having failed—" He paused a moment, then added, "And success was certain until my own companions betrayed me. Prince, you have nothing to fear; the society in a body has declared its willingness to be ruled by you."

"Please God, they shall never forget it," I said reverently.

"They will, and bitterly," he exclaimed fiercely. "Some poor fifty years you may give them happiness, and after that they will be forced to take up my work and complete it. For fifty years of peace they will pay a century's oppression."

A vision of Renée's sweet and noble face rose before me and I smiled. I did not believe our sons would be tyrants. Through the vista of years I caught a glimpse of a new Pyrena, calm, happy, and strong, taking her rightful place among the nations. The baron read something of my thought and an indescribable expression of malevolence crossed his face.

"Your highness has faith in your fellowmen; you dream of a Utopia. I have here a legacy that may teach you caution in establishing it." He drew a paper from his breast and offered it to me, falling back exhausted on the pillows.

"Take it," he panted. "It is a list of the members of the society. Take it, your highness, and punish them, punish them. Remember they would have killed you till today; they will betray you as they have me."

I took the paper reluctantly and glanced at it. It was folded but so carelessly as not to conceal the writing; and the first name on the list was Eugen D'Aurignac.

I crushed the paper in my hand, sick with pain. D'Aurignac, my friend, the one I loved more than anyone on earth except Renée.

"Punish them," repeated the baron's voice, quivering with hatred.

When I had awakened to find him sobbing by my side it was remorse, then, not grief. He had been acting a part all these years when I had

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thought no day complete without seeing him. He had lied—I caught myself abruptly; it was not possible that D'Aurignac should lie. Anything was possible but that, and lifting my head suddenly I met the baron's eyes fixed upon me. He dropped them at once, but not before I had seen the eager satisfaction in my suffering. I looked at him steadily.

"Baron," I said, "you might as well have made *mademoiselle*'s name first. I should have believed it as soon."

"Your highness means?"
"The list is false," I answered, and held it in the flame of a spirit lamp on the table.

He watched it blaze up and broke into a sardonic laugh.

"So be it, your highness. The information was yours, to destroy if it pleased you. Nevertheless, I think you

will watch the Chevalier D'Aurignac."

"If I had read your list and believed that you would have sown a distrust that might have undermined my future," I said. "You used a crueler weapon than a bomb. M. le baron, and like the bomb it has recoiled upon you. For this attempt today no one shall suffer but you."

He turned away his head.

"You will be king," he said, "your only rebel is dying, prince."

I rang for the nurse and left the room quietly.

"At last," exclaimed D'Aurignac, springing forward as I appeared on the threshold.

I looked into the high-bred face, eloquent with deep affection and put my hand on his arm.

"We will go to *mademoiselle*," I said, "You and I, D'Aurignac."

INDEBTED TO THE SQUIRE

By R. J. BUCKLEY

SPEAKING of racial characteristics, I mused my friend Anthony, luxuriously extended in my father's old leather chair, and with his slippers on the fender-rail, while he watched the fragrant smoke dissolve on the ceiling—"speaking of racial characteristics, I question whether any nation surpasses the Celtic population of Ireland in point of subtlety."

"What do you mean by the Celtic population?" I inquired.

The descendants of the Celtic immigrants as distinguished from the Scotch and English settlers who form the Teutonic and Protestant population of Ireland, and who differ as widely from the Celts in sentiment, in tradition, in ideals, as Englishmen differ from Hindoos."

"Yet," I remarked, "Englishmen rule the Hindoos, who are also very subtle, I think."

Anthony Hallam is decidedly irritable, and but for his known good nature would often give offence. He's 'all

right when yer knows him, but yer've got to know him first." His air and manner indicated that I had said something to display the proverbial ignorance of the brutal Saxon.

"My dear boy," he said at last, "you speak without knowledge, yet with assumption thereof, a characteristic of the English character at all periods. Yes, the Hindoo is subtle, but—have you any true idea of what constitutes a Hindoo?"

I thought a native of India was a Hindoo, and I said so. He smiled, but his smile was not of a flattering character.

"My friend Ronald, now at Dum-dum," he continued, "writes to say that he has four native servants, none of whom speak the language of the others, while in tradition and religion each one differs as much from any of the other three as an Englishman differs from a Russian. You call them all Hindoos and lump them together."

I accepted the reproof, but humbly